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OLD AND YOUNG LOVE.

THE recollections which I am now jotting down in my leisure moments, painful though many of them be, are penned in the hope that some of those whose eyes they may meet, may glean from them a lesson which, had it been read to myself in by-gone days, had changed the destiny of my life.

I need write down little of my early years of boyhood: they were passed calmly enough in the usual routine of Dutch colonial life. There is seldom much to give excitement to a sojourn in an Eastern settlement, and still less until one has reached the riper years of manhood. The island of Ceylon, under the sober sway of Mynheer Falck, formed no exception to this rule. My youth passed away; manhood arrived; yet nothing had occurred to ruffle the even tenor of my life, save the death of my surviving parent: and that event was softened by the reflection, that it left me sole master of my actions, and of a landed property which was far from being inconsiderable.

The Retreat, which was the name of our family property, was and still is, situated on the banks of the Calany Ganga, whose waters rolled into the Indian Ocean the contributions of many a distant mountain torrent, of many a boiling waterfall and inland flood. Our rice-grounds, at the present moment, stretch for a good mile along the river-bank. Of pasturage, there is no lack. And the fine, old, red-bricked, high-shouldered, stiff-backed family mansion stood up, and stands now, so primly amidst the merry green foliage and flower-beds, as though it had been starched and ironed out for the purpose. I loved the dear old place, with its quiet dark rooms, brimful of ebony and calamander furniture; and its lone, gravelly, shaded walks, into which the sun never peeped but for a minute at highest noon; but I love it more dearly now, and for other reasons.

When I found myself in full possession of all this property, I was not elated and puffed up; I did not rush into the coarse gaieties of burgher colonial life; I felt that I had a soul above Schiedam and clay-pipes, and nothing less than claret and a perfumed hookah on a downy ottoman would suit my tastes. Always of a contemplative turn, I had long felt a great desire to study Oriental languages, in order to search the hidden treasures of the literature of the East; and now that there was no longer any obstacle to my pursuits, I gladly handed over charge of the rice-grounds, the fruit-trees, the cattle, and implements, to my father's old gray-headed *mohandiran* or bailiff, who I knew would be as honest as he could, and would not rob me more than he had done my predecessors.

I called in the services of a *pundit* from the neigh-

bouring temple, who put me upon a course of Pali and Sanscrit, much to my delight. I could think of nothing else. The very oddity of the characters pleased me—they were so like carpenter's shavings curled round, and old slippers turned up at the toes. I breakfasted on Pali; I took tea on Sanscrit; and dined on them both. I dreamed of them. The smoke of my hookah curled up into queer Pali letters; the very flowers in the garden seemed to be blossoming in the Sanscrit dialect. In short, I was happy, and flattered myself that I could not possibly be happier—that I was leading a most exemplary life, and was altogether a very virtuous, useful member of burgher society.

Time rolled pleasantly on, and I was still absorbed with my hookah and my Pali, still lived upon claret and Sanscrit, undisturbed by any carking cares of the Dutch world about me, when I remembered that I was thirty-two years of age. Judging by my dress and manners, any one might well have written me down forty-two, with a postscript to the effect that I looked rather more.

Just at this critical period, when I was about to commence an onslaught upon the musty Pali Olas of Singalese history, I received a letter from an old friend of the family at Jaffnapatam, in the north of the island, soliciting my good offices for the widow of a Company's servant, who with her little daughter was proceeding to Colombo for change of air. I engaged for them a small cottage adjoining my own grounds, and shortly afterwards welcomed the old lady and her charge to their new abode. There was nothing whatever to attract one in the widow: she was as dull and insipid as might be expected from a whole life passed in a remote Dutch settlement. Her lace collar and ruffles were as yellow as her skin, and that seemed to have imbibed the joint tinge of her favourite 'pumpkin curry,' and her deceased husband's tobacco smoke. I of course felt for her friendless situation, but otherwise looked upon her with the same feelings as I should have had for an old butter-crock or a bale of damaged cotton cloth. Edith—her sweet, dark-eyed, black-haired daughter—was a being of another stamp; so simple, so lively, so good, so intelligent, that I used to think the old smoke-dried, curry-fed dame must have stolen the dear child from some high-born family; indeed, I am not to this day convinced to the contrary.

Their wants were few enough—as is the case with most people in tropical countries—and those wants were readily supplied. But it was evident that little Edith required something more than could be had at the neighbouring bazaar. Her mind demanded nourishment; and such a mind as she was evidently gifted with, should have no ordinary chance care. I thought

much of it: it came across me in the midst of a Pali translation; it startled me in the wild solitudes of a Sanscrit verb. Schools for such as she, there were none. But she could read and write, and had a slight, very slight, knowledge of history and science; so that the ground had at anyrate been prepared for the good seed. I was not long in determining what to do. They were both glad to receive my offers of tuition; and it was arranged that every morning, an hour after the ordinary breakfast, I should send my *appo*, or butler, for my little pupil, who was to remain with me until noon, after which I was to be left to my Pali and Sanscrit.

A new phase of my hitherto mechanical existence now commenced, and with it I dated the birth of new and pleasurable feelings. I had some one to live for beyond my own self. I felt that the ability to impart was not less pleasing than the power to acquire knowledge. And when each morning brought me my young pupil, cheerful, happy, and gentle as ever, it seemed as though a radiant light were diffused through the old darkened rooms of the huge mansion. I could hear the pretty Edith's footfall on the gravel-walks, and over the green grass-plot, long before I could catch a glimpse of her through the thick foliage of the oleanders and the roses. Sometimes, too, she would gather flowers and evergreens as she came along, and wreath them into garlands for me while I taught her.

It was a happy time that morning of instruction: the forenoon seemed to have fled ere it commenced. And what rendered it the more delightful, Edith made such rapid progress during the first year, as bade fair shortly to outstrip my limited powers of instruction. I entered upon a fresh course of studies myself, in order to be able to keep in advance of my pupil. I learned all sorts of difficult things, from all kinds of hard-covered, heavily-clasped old tomes. Some I borrowed from the minister, and some from a member of the Dutch service, who possessed more books than he knew the names of. In this way I kept fairly ahead for at least another year. Sanscrit and Pali began to lose their charms for me, and I could no longer feel any interest in matters which possessed no attractions for Edith.

On Sundays, I drove my neighbours to church in my old-fashioned bullock-hackery, fitted up with new curtains and soft cushions, and I even began to bestow a little pains upon my long neglected dress. Sometimes, on cool, still evenings, I took them in a covered canoe, rowed by two oars-men, up the Calany Ganga. Oftentimes the old lady remained at home, at which I was the better pleased; and Edith, who had a good ear and a knowledge of music, played to me on her guitar, sweet, soft, little airs, and sang to them such gentle, soothing words, as made me wish she could sing for ever.

Our morning lessons now grew into the afternoon, and my pupil remained to *tiffin*, on fruit, bread, and cream, after which we strolled down to a shady tope of palms, where the grass grew as thick and soft as any silken ottoman; and there, with book in hand, while the waters of the Calany rippled at our feet, and the birds sang above our heads, I read aloud some chapters of history, or politics, or science, stopping at times to expatiate or explain, as the case might be. On these occasions little Edith—for she was still little, though growing fast towards womanhood—would seat herself at my feet, and resting her beautiful head on my knees,

look up into my face with her clear, soft, searching eyes, as though she *saw* instead of *heard* my words. I never felt tired of reading and explaining, and every day was surprised to find, by the unwelcome appearance of my *appo*, that the hour for tea had arrived.

In this way, what with teaching, reading, boating, and riding to church, some years flew rapidly and happily away. My pupil was nearly fifteen, ripening into maturity, and growing more lovable and intelligent every day. I could really teach her no more. But I was determined she should learn all that was possible in the island, and accordingly engaged a dancing-master to come out from the fort twice a week; as also a neat work-woman, to give her daily lessons in embroidery and lace-working. It is true, the dancing-master was wooden-legged, for he was an old pensioner of the Company, but he was as active and graceful as though he had possessed as many real legs as a centipede; and very soon his pupil made rapid progress in this as in all else. I more than once caught myself taking involuntary lessons in the adjoining room; and I verily believe, that if Edith had expressed the slightest ghost of a desire that I should take lessons in the embroidery, I should have cheerfully undertaken the dangerous task.

At the end of the sixth year of my acquaintance with Edith and her mother, I began to put a few serious questions to myself. That I loved that dear girl very deeply and sincerely, I did not for a moment doubt. I had been conscious of it for a long time past. But what were her feelings towards me? That I could not so easily answer. I thought much upon this: it had most completely annihilated every vestige of Pali from my mind. Sometimes I felt convinced Edith really loved me as I would have her love; at other times, strange doubts flitted across my brain. She often called me her 'dear, good old man,' and the then hated word 'old,' rang in my ears like a knell to my hopes. It was in vain I consulted the glass; there was, alas! no mistake about it: I was becoming old in looks. Study and confinement had left their unmistakable marks upon me; and though I wore my hair in the most youthful, fashionable mode, and took a variety of precautions, I could not change my skin or smooth my furrows.

On more than one occasion, when seated under our favourite palm-tope, I took the opportunity of reading to her some old Dutch and French tales, in which it was set forth how young maidens had been wooed and won by men much their superiors in years, and how happily these marriages had resulted to both parties. Edith sometimes, I fancied, looked rather thoughtful and grave at these tales; but they always ended in her thanking me, kissing me, and calling me, alas! her 'dear, good old man.' And although these words flung across my feelings a sadness I could not altogether conquer, I was still delighted to hear her call me anything, and would not have missed a word from her pretty lips for a principality.

Once during the breaking-up of the north-east monsoon, when the nights are fearfully close and oppressive, when midnight brings no relief from the sultriness of the day, and darkness seems but a mockery of the seasons, dear Edith took a low fever, and remained for some weeks in considerable danger. I believe I loved her more deeply than ever, when, as I watched by her bedside, she would take neither

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medicine nor food from any hand but mine. She did love me, as I had hoped, at last, there could be no doubt. I could not bear to be absent from her. It was my delight to sit near her, with open lattice, so that the perfume of the roses, the country jessamine, and the Buddho-blossoms could be wafted in by the bland sea-breeze, and I might, whilst I read to her, fan away the troublesome mosquitoes from her face and arms.

I am not sure if I did not feel something approaching regret when my attendance was no longer needed, and Edith was pronounced convalescent, for I dreaded lest she should once more address me in her simple but to me chilling words. When she was quite well again, and the weather, so bland and soothing after the fall of the monsoon rains, enabled us once more to resume our strolls to the favourite palm-tops by the river-side, I resolved to open my mind to her, confess my love, and hear my fate from her own lips. Many a turn did we take together through those quiet shaded walks; many a bright sunny afternoon was passed under the grateful shadow of those tall, waving, feathery palm-leaves—I with my book, Edith with her little guitar or her embroidery, half sitting on the ground, half resting in my lap. But as often as the words rose to my lips, they died away in fear. Once I began with 'Edith, dear!' but could accomplish no more. She waited for me to go on, looked up so sweetly in my face, and asked if she should play to her 'dear, good old man!' It was in vain: I felt I could never say the word; and so, after some weeks of uncertainty and torture, determined to write her.

How many letters I began and never finished, I know not; nor can I say how many were written only to be torn into a thousand pieces. At last, trembling like a guilty child, I despatched my epistle to her. It was after her departure for the day, rather earlier than usual, and I paced my lonely veranda for hours afterwards, giddy with intense anxiety. I could see the path leading across to Edith's cottage, and kept my eyes rivetted to it, as though all my earthly hopes were centered on the spot. At last, after I knew not how many tedious, nervous hours, the hoped-for yet dreaded reply came. Years have rolled past since that sad night, but the grave alone can efface the remembrance of the tortures I suffered—of the agony and passion that swept from my mind all good, all soft, all righteous feelings.

I must not dwell upon the recollections of that fatal letter, but briefly tell how it dashed the cup of hope from my lips—how it told, in a few words, the love she bore me as her 'dear, good old friend'—how she should always love me; but how that I was very silly to think of her other than as my own dear child! It ended, if I remember aright, by saying how frightened she should be to come near me if I did not promise to behave more soberly, as befitted my years.

I must tell all, though to my own shame and sorrow. I must write down how I allowed anger, hatred, and all uncharitableness to take full possession of my mind—how I dreamed of revenge, of malice, of all but what I ought to have felt, and at last called for my hookah, and in savage calmness lit it with the hateful letter. Never before had I been crossed in my smallest wish or desire. I had never been tried by disappointment or sorrow; my life had been untroubled by a single grief or vexation. Having lived on so calmly, I had believed myself to be a philosopher; having done no fellow-creature a harm in word or deed, I fancied I was an exemplary member of society; and having, moreover, never missed attendance at church, except through illness, I flattered myself that I was a devout Christian. Alas! I had never been tried. And now that I was tried—now that I was weighed in the balance, I was found wanting.

I did not give angry vent to my passion; I brooded darkly, miserably over my disappointment. Not for

one moment—fool that I was!—did I cherish the thought, that Edith might have written hastily, or over-persuaded by her mother, or that she might relent hereafter, or that the letter might have been intended to test my love for her. I thought not of all this. Anger swept through my breast like a mighty, withering sirocco, blasting and dashing before it every good and gentle thought, every kind and holy feeling. I felt bankrupt in heart and hope, and, in a fit of savage, irrepressible grief, rose up from my ottoman, called my head appo, and bade him pack up my wardrobe, a few books, and other things, and have my bullock-hackery ready to convey me to the fort of Colombo at daybreak.

I summoned my mohandiran in the dead of the night, and told him I was about to travel for a month or two on business; that he must take care of the farm; and that I should depute some friend in the garrison to receive and remit to me the rents and proceeds of my crops. Any one but a Singalese would have been astonished at my sudden nocturnal departure; but an Indian is far too apathetic to be surprised at anything; it would be much too troublesome to him even to feel an interest in anything; and therefore you cannot by any possibility get him into a state at all approaching excitement.

Before the sun had flung his earliest rays upon the waters of the bay, I was within the walls of the gloomy fort, sipping coffee with an old friend of my family. To him I communicated my intention of at once quitting Colombo, and probably Ceylon, for a time, though without hinting at the real cause of my departure. Pride impelled me to conceal the truth, and I merely alluded to a general desire to see a little of the world in the East.

The north-east monsoon was then prevailing, and there was an abundance of vessels in the harbour bound for all parts of the adjoining continent of India within a few days. My impatience, however, could not brook delay. I began to hate the very sight of the fort and harbour, and longed to find myself amongst strangers in a strange land. There was but one small craft about to sail for Trincomalee and Jaffna, in the north of the island; and rather than be bound a prisoner where I was, I at once engaged a passage in this small *dhoney*, and prepared to depart that same evening.

Leaving my affairs in the hands of my friend, I embarked with one small package and a tolerably stout purse; and as the land-wind filled our wide sails, and swept the sharp-built craft through the still, blue waters of the Indian Ocean, I felt relieved from a load of oppression which had before overwhelmed me, and once more found myself able to think of the past and ponder upon the future. I could not sleep during our little coasting voyage to the north. The nights were moonlight and serene; the sea was unruffled and hushed like a child asleep; the breezes from the flower-girt shore breathed sweetly, gently past us. All was hushed, and calm, and happy, save myself. I could see no beauty in that bright moonlight, could trace no perfumes in the balmy air. I only looked back upon days gone by as a happy, glorious past, receding from my vision, shut out by dark, sorrowful clouds, with no ray of hope or happiness to cheer their darkness. I was a miserable man.

Arrived at Trincomalee, I quitted the wretched craft, and determined to wait for some opportunity of crossing to the Indian coast. I did not remain idle, but wandered about the adjoining country, seeking to divert my thoughts from the past by fixing them on new objects. As there were just then no vessels about to sail, I journeyed still further, and paid a visit to the Lake of Minerey, an artificial dike of vast extent, erected, it is believed, two thousand years ago, and still in excellent preservation. The water retained by its walls serves to irrigate a tract of otherwise sterile

country, and produces food for many thousands of villagers.

Passing on from this, I proceeded to a spot still more interesting, where stand in solitary grandeur the gigantic and beautiful ruins of a once royal city, Pollanarowa. This magnificent place is unknown beyond the immediate neighbourhood, being overgrown with low jungle, huge forest-trees, and thickly-twining plants. In the seventh or eighth century, this vast city was built, and for nearly six hundred years the monarchs of Ceylon dwelt there in barbaric pomp.

The wild desolation of the place pleased me not less than its extent and architectural beauties. For some weeks I wandered up and down the vast ruins, the silence of which was broken only by the cry of wild birds. Through pillared palaces, and interminable piazzas, and lofty *dagobas*, I strolled day after day; along the grass-grown streets, some of them many miles in extent, across vast squares, through huge gates, exquisitely and elaborately worked, I wandered and busied myself in contemplating the career of the race that was no longer known, and of whose very names there were even doubts.

But even this occupation palled upon my mind. I felt that I wanted some new excitement, and once more put forth upon the sea, on my way to the Malabar coast. I landed above Allipee, and travelled through the greater part of the maritime country; and by the time I reached Goa, the chief Dutch settlement on that coast, I found that a year had elapsed since quitting Colombo.

After writing to my agent, and staying a brief period in Goa, I set out to the northwards, and wandered I scarce knew or cared whither. Tempted by the beauty of the mountain scenery some miles from the coast, I at length ascended the Ghauts or mountain-gorges by which alone travellers are able to reach the high lands above. A painful and tedious journey of a month took me to the higher point of the Bala-ghauts, or country above the Ghauts, at that time quite unknown to white men, and untrodden by Europeans.

The novelty not less than the danger of my position amongst a warlike and jealous race, added to the attractions of my journey. I passed on for some days far into the heart of this rich and populous country; but at the moment when I was congratulating myself upon the ease and safety of my journey, I was arrested by the order of the rajah of the country, hurried across hills, and rivers, and valleys, to the chief city of the state, and at once flung into a dark prison.

How long I remained in that dreadful place I know not: it must have been a whole year, though to me it seemed nearly a lifetime. There was a miserable little stone-yard attached, in which I walked daily, and tried to breathe fresh air. I saw no one but my jailer, who did not understand my language nor I his.

Here, in this still, calm solitude, a change came over my spirit. I passed leisurely before my mind all the occurrences of the last two years; I reflected more seriously and calmly upon my own headstrong conduct, upon my impatience, and my foolish, thoughtless anger, and felt in that lonely prison all the folly and wickedness of my past conduct. No sooner had I experienced these feelings, so new to me, than an irrepressible longing for home came over me. Now that I was no longer master of my actions, I would have given all I possessed to be once more back at my old, red-bricked, solitary farm, and to learn something of Edith and her destiny, even though that formed no part of mine.

Escape became my sole thought day and night, yet the more I reflected, the more impossible it appeared to me. Sometimes I felt on the verge of despair, again buoyed up with hope, then plunged once more into the deepest dejection. When, however, I believed myself

lost to the world, Providence opened to me a way which no human penetration could have discerned.

I frequently amused myself, during the cool of the evening, by writing on the soft stones of the courtyard wall with a sharp-edged stone, sentences in Pali and Sanscrit, from the sacred books which in happier days had been my close study. I was thus occupied one fine calm evening, when I observed a figure standing near: turning round, I found a Buddhist priest watching my operations with attentive eye. He seemed to be astonished beyond measure as he looked at the many sentences upon the wall. At length I broke silence by repeating some lines from one of the Vedas or sacred books. He uttered something in reply which was unintelligible to me, and immediately quitted the place. I fancied that I could see in this interview a ray of hope for me, for I well knew the reverence with which the uneducated or half-taught priesthood regard such of their own body as are conversant with the Pali scriptures, and doubtless they would think not less highly of a European propounder of their Vedas.

I was not disappointed. The priest soon returned with a dozen others, and amongst them one whom I knew, by the deeper colour of his silken robe, to be their chief. This man addressed a few words of wretchedly bad Pali to me; I replied by a sentence from the writings of Buddha. They seemed greatly astonished, and gazed one upon another. The chief priest put one of the Pitakas or sacred books in my hand, and asked me to read from it. I replied, that Buddha had ordered that work to be read aloud only in the *vihare* or *dagoba*, and not in common places like that prison, at which they were much pleased; and the priest motioning me to follow him, passed out from that hateful building, and led me across a wide open grassy plain to a spacious temple by the side of a vast lake surrounded by luxuriant fruit-trees and flowering shrubs.

I was now looked upon as a superior being, for it was evident that I knew far more of the Pali books than any of the priests of the place. The best apartment attached to the building was given up to my use. I once more found myself a free man. That night, surrounded by a heathen priesthood, in the midst of stone and wooden images, I fell on my knees, and with uplifted hands and tearful eyes gave thanks to God for this my happy deliverance.

The influence of the priests secured my perfect safety. Crowds visited me daily, and some, I doubt not, believed me to be a new incarnation of Buddha himself; priests travelled to converse with me and hear me read; chiefs sent me many presents—in short, I was the lion of the Bala-ghauts. All this wearied me, and my uppermost thought was still of home; at last, I expressed the strong desire I had to return to the low country, and somewhat to my surprise, the priests at once agreed to forward me by the safest and most rapid mode. Whether this arose from a real respect for me, or that they were glad to get rid of one who drew away public attention from themselves, I know not, but the result was, that at the end of two weeks I found myself once more within the walls of Goa.

There I found letters nearly two years old waiting for me from Colombo, and telling, amongst other things, news which I dreaded to hear. Edith had married after losing her mother, and was living near the old cottage with her husband. All else of Ceylon had no interest for me. Still, I resolved so soon as the monsoon should change, and allow vessels to quit that shore, to sail for Colombo. I had now been absent nearly four years, though I could have imagined it double that time; and before the coast was open for my departure, it seemed as though time was standing still.

I landed in the harbour of Colombo, changed, indeed, since I had last trod its beach, in feeling not less than in appearance, for my long imprisonment had left its

mark upon myself where I was ashamed.

The years that I improved myself, I informed the widow, and left.

Would whom a changed thing at not receive welcome.

It was across palms, fragrant breeze.

What's evening voice or than ever head swayed.

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The a sad wretch she had never as I put to my mother.

I gazed loved her departed for a since this to my desire and was.

Some Edith that I softened family all this house there once d—grace house and mine.

I loved about with the now before stroll the said that All the more I and t

mark upon me. I hastened to my home, and flinging myself into one of the old ebony-chairs that stood where it was wont in happy by-gone days, I am not ashamed to confess that I gave way to a flood of tears.

The old house itself was just as I had left it four years and a half before, but the grounds had been much improved, and the fields well cultivated. For this, however, I had then neither eye nor ear. I asked only for information about Edith and her family, and my heart bounded and beat quickly as I heard that she was a widow, her husband having died eighteen months since, and left her with one infant—a daughter.

Would she see me? How would she receive one whom she had formerly cast off? But my heart was changed now; I had learned to look kindly on everything and every one; and I felt that Edith, if she did not receive me as I most might desire, would at least welcome me as an old and loving friend.

It was evening as I approached her little cottage, across a broad grassy field, and along an avenue of palms. The bland air was mellowed by many a fragrant flower and odorous shrub, and the cool land-breeze wafted sweeter incense from nature's wide altars. What sound is that? softly, tenderly it floats upon the evening breath. A sound of birds, or was it a human voice of song? Again the melody came on sweeter than ever; I should know that sound; I did know it. How my heart beat, and my limbs trembled, and my head swam, and how my eyes filled with tears at that blessed sound! It was the song I had taught her, that I had loved so well to hear her sing. Edith, darling Edith—my long lost Edith—another moment, and I was by her side.

The sweet happiness of that hour wiped away many a sad recollection, effaced the memory of many a wretched month. Edith was changed like myself, for she had had her trials, but she was still lovely; and never more so in my eyes than when she gazed upon me as I pressed her darling little child, a second Edith, to my heart, and wept blessings on it for its dear mother's sake.

I gathered from her in few words that she had indeed loved me, though not aware of how truly until my departure, which had well-nigh broken her heart; how her mother died soon after; and how, having married for a protector, she had at last lost her husband, and since then had been in deep poverty: she charged all this to her own fault. Not a word escaped her lips of my desertion of her; all was forgotten, all was forgiven, and we were once more as of old—happy.

Some years have passed away since I was united to Edith. I have become active and industrious, hoping that I am truly what I once vainly fancied I was—a softened, humble man. I have now but one care—my family, Edith and her darling child. For them I am all things. I rise early, and strive hard. The old house has still its old, brightly-shining furniture; but there are sweet, happy voices echoing through those once dreary rooms—bright eyes light up its dark walls—graceful feet trip over its well-polished floor. That house is a house of gladdened, joyous, loving hearts, and may it long be so!

I am now in truth her 'dear, good old man,' and I love to hear her call me so. Our darling girl is now about the age at which I first knew her loved mother, with the same graceful figure, the same sweet voice, the same gentle, loving disposition. With her, I am now going through the same course of studies that I once before delighted in—the morning lessons, the afternoon stroll to that dear old palm-top and grassy seat, with the same guitar, the same songs, and the same books, that in days long past gave me so much happiness. All this is again passing before me, but sweeter and more highly prized than ever.

I am now a gray-headed man, and Edith, the woman and the child, both by my side, my love as strong as

ever, my hope and faith in good more sure and truthful. Even while I am penning these few last lines in happy thankfulness of heart, our darling little Edith is lying at my feet, with her embroidery-work, her head resting—as in years gone by her mother's head had rested—in my lap. The rays of the setting sun are scattered lightly over her forehead, and playing amongst her waving ringlets, and dancing over her sunny eyes, and round her rosy mouth; and as I pause in my task, and gaze first on the sweet child, and then upon her fond and much-loved mother, I know not which to think the loveliest—the blossom or the bud.

PRESIDENT FRANKLIN PIERCE.

A BIOGRAPHY is generally, more or less, a delicate subject to handle, even when the person it commemorates is dead, and can make no sign; still more so when he is 'alive and'—may be—'kicking.' The new president of the United States, if born to greatness, has also had some greatness thrust upon him, by his old fellow-collegian, Nathaniel Hawthorne, the author of the *Blithedale Romance*, in the shape of a *Life of Franklin Pierce*, which now lies before us. General Pierce is not, however, an involuntary patient: he has so far sanctioned this biography, we learn in the preface, as to authorise its reception as 'a generally correct narrative of the principal events of his life'; though, of course, he is not bound to endorse all the author's sentiments and speculations throughout the work. It is avowedly a representation of the principles and acts of a public man, intended to operate upon the minds of multitudes during a presidential canvass. The kind of value which, if any, Mr Hawthorne claims for it, is as the narrative of one who knew Franklin Pierce at a period of life when character could be read with undoubting accuracy; and who, consequently, in judging of the motives of his subsequent conduct, has an advantage over much more competent observers, whose knowledge of the man may have commenced at a later date.

Franklin Pierce was born at Hillsborough, New Hampshire, on the 23d of November 1804, and is therefore in his forty-ninth year. His father, General Benjamin Pierce, was a stalwart Bunker's Hill hero, who, as an orphan, had endured stern boyish experiences; and who, after serving through the whole revolutionary war, and fighting his way upward from the lowest grade, became noted as a most decided democrat, and supporter of Jefferson and Madison; 'a practical farmer, moreover, not rich, but independent, exercising a liberal hospitality, and famed for the kindness and generosity of his character; a man of the people, but whose natural qualities inevitably made him a leader among them.' It is characteristic of the man, that when he was offered, during the presidency of John Adams, a high command in the army proposed to be levied in anticipation of a war with the French republic, the inflexible democrat replied: 'No; poor as I am, and acceptable as would be the position under other circumstances, I would sooner go to yonder mountains, dig me a cave, and live on roasted potatoes, than be instrumental in promoting the objects for which the army is to be raised!' Such was the model on which young Franklin, from infancy upward, might instinctively form himself, 'one of the best specimens of sterling New England character, developed in a life of simple habits, yet of elevated action. Patriotism, such as it had been in revolutionary days, was taught him by his father, as early as his mother taught him

religion.' And Mr Hawthorne holds, that if any man is bound, by birth and youthful training, to show himself a brave, faithful, and able citizen of his native country, it is the son of such a father.

The boy was a frequent auditor of political debates, not only at public meetings, but at all those informal discussions of the vexed questions of the day, in which his sire was ever ready to take prominent part. 'The intentness with which he [Franklin] watched the old general, and listened to his arguments, is still remembered; and at this day, in his most earnest moods, there are gesticulations and movements that bring the image of his father to those who recollect the latter on those occasions of the display of homely native eloquence. His father, conscious of the disadvantages of his own defective education, determined to put Franklin on a better footing in this respect. After some years spent at school—where he is described as a beautiful boy, with blue eyes, light curling hair, and a sweet expression of face, and one who endeared himself to all by a most amiable disposition and cordial sympathy—he became a student, at sixteen (1820), of Bowdoin College, at Brunswick, Maine, where Hawthorne joined him a year later. There was nothing precocious or premature about young Franklin,* rather the reverse; but he was highly popular among his companions—'his bright and cheerful aspect made a kind of sunshine, both as regarded its radiance and its warmth,' which it was hard to resist. His college chum was one Zenas Caldwell, several years his senior, and a grave and devout Methodist. For some time, Franklin Pierce made but little way in scholarship, though he subsequently rallied, and eventually took a highly-creditable degree. During one of his winter vacations, he taught a country school; in reference to which his biographer observes, that so many of the statesmen of New England have performed their first public service in the character of pedagogue, that it seems almost a necessary step on the ladder of advancement.

In 1824, Franklin returned home to Hillsborough, where his father, now in a green old age, continued to take active interest in the affairs of the day, and to cherish his favourite associations of the past. On his sixty-seventh birthday, the general prepared a fête for his comrades in arms, the survivors of the revolution, eighteen of whom, inhabitants of Hillsborough, assembled at his house—a band of veterans whose venerable appearance might suggest comparison with the annual gathering—now, alas! annulled—of Waterloo veterans at Apsley House. They spent the day in festivity, in recalling the persons and the deeds of Washington's epoch, and in reviving the sentiments of '76. 'At nightfall, after a manly and pathetic farewell from their host, they separated, "prepared," as the old general expressed it, "at the first tap of the shrouded drum, to move and join their beloved Washington, and the rest of their comrades who had fought and bled at their sides." Franklin was of a spirit to enter with keen zest into this kind of hero-worship. He now chose the law as a profession, became a student in the office of Judge Woodbury, of Portsmouth, and was admitted to the bar in 1827, but failed at the outset to give promise of success. His first case was a clear failure; but the result was not to depress, but to provoke to sedulous cultivation, and to that earnest effort, toil, and agony even, which are the conditions of ultimate success. In 1829, his native town gave him his first public honour, by electing him its representative in the legislature of the state: two years later, he was chosen Speaker, and gained golden opinions from all sorts of men by his demeanour as a presiding officer, shewing, as he did, a rare combination of so much impulse with so great a power of regulating both his own impulses

and those of others. In 1833, he became a member of Congress, and laboured zealously but unostentatiously in the duties to which it summoned him, especially in the drudgery of the committee-room. When he spoke, it was with brief and pregnant arguments, in words which 'had the weight of deeds, from the meaning, the directness, and the truth, that he conveyed into them.' He was a staunch supporter of President Jackson, who, on his death-bed, is reported to have spoken admiringly and energetically of his young friend's ability and patriotism; adding, as if with prophetic voice, that the 'interests of the country would be safe in such hands.' While in the lower house of Congress, he took his stand on the slavery question on the side of those who recognise 'the rights pledged to the south by the constitution'—a position from which he has never swerved. Early training had indoctrinated him with a profound sense of the value of the union, and this made him, throughout his public life, 'as tender of what he considers due to the south, as of the rights of his own land of hills;' not that he loves New England less, but that he loves broad America more.

In 1837, though hardly yet of the legal age, he was elected to the Senate of the United States, under the then commencing presidency of Mr Van Buren, and by the side of such veterans as Calhoun, Webster, and Clay, all now deceased. The columns of the American *Hansard* give abundant evidence of 'Senator Pierce's' congressional industry—his laborious but unobtrusive share in reports of committees and debates, great and small. His speeches savour little of modern eloquence and stump-oratory, but are pervaded, according to Mr Hawthorne, by 'the earnestness of honest conviction.' He took an energetic part in the democratic opposition to Henry Clay and the Whigs in 1841. Next year, he retired from the Senate. His domestic position had contributed, with other causes, to bias him towards private life; being now a husband and a father, and having hitherto been kept poor by the predominance of senatorial over forensic employments, he saw the expediency of making some provision for the future.

Since his early failure, he had gained considerable reputation as a lawyer, and on retiring from the Senate, he seems to have started at once into a leader at the bar. His labour in the preparation of his cases is said to have been unremitting, and his vehemence in important trials almost excessive. According to an eminent New England judge, his manner as an advocate was eminently graceful and attractive, aided by an erect manly figure, an easy unembarrassed air, eloquent and pointed sentences accentuated with musical clearness, and a depth of emotion acting electrically upon his hearers: added to which was a fearless courage, a quick and sure perception of his points, and the power of enforcing them by apt and telling illustrations. He was offered, in 1846, the distinguished post of attorney-general of the United States, but declined it, as he had already refused several similar honours, intimating that his love of the quietness and independence of private life was such as could be mastered by one contingency only. That exceptional case was brought about in 1847 by the Mexican war.

Franklin Pierce was the first to enrol himself as volunteer of a company raised in Concord—whither he had removed in 1838—and went through the regular drill, as a private in the ranks, though promotion followed without stint or delay. He started for Vera Cruz in May 1847 as brigadier-general, and in the ensuing campaign shewed the native qualities of a born soldier, together with the sagacity of an experienced one. 'Nature has endowed him with a rare elasticity both of mind and body; he springs up from pressure like a well-tempered sword. After the severest toil, a single night's rest does as much for him, in the way of refreshment, as a week would do for most other men.' His conduct on his adventurous

* It is observable, that in physical stature he continued to grow between his twenty-first and twenty-fifth years.

march to the Valley of Mexico—in illustration of which Mr Hawthorne gives some graphic excerpts from his journal—was highly lauded by military critics, among others, by his rival for the presidency, General Scott. At the battle of Contrera, his brigade formed part of a force in which 4000 raw recruits, unable to bring their artillery to bear, contended against 7000 disciplined soldiers, protected by intrenchments, and showering round shot and shell against the enemy *ad—* or, indeed, *ultra—libitum*. In the midst of this fire, General Pierce, being the only mounted officer in the brigade, leaped his horse upon an abrupt eminence, and addressed the colonels and captains of the regiments as they passed in a few stirring words; but in pressing towards the head of the column, his horse fell, and he was taken up stunned and insensible. When partially recovered, an orderly assisted him to reach the shelter of a projecting rock—a shell exploding near them as they went along, and covering them with earth. 'That was a lucky miss,' was Pierce's quiet comment. As soon as he recovered full consciousness, he determined, in spite of his protesting doctor, to proceed to the head of his troops again. With difficulty he was lifted to his saddle, and told that he would not be able to keep his seat there. 'Then you must tie me on,' he rejoined; and some allege that he *was* tied on. At anyrate, he remained in the saddle till nearly midnight; and, after a few hours spent beneath a torrent of rain, without food or covering, and tormented by the pain of his injuries, he was in the saddle again with dawn of day, taking a gallant share in the victory of Churubusco. His disabled and haggard appearance disposed the commander-in-chief to forbid his advancing with his brigade:—

'My dear fellow,' said Scott, 'you are badly injured: you cannot put your foot to the stirrup.'

'One of them I can,' answered Pierce.

'You are rash, General Pierce,' resumed his chief: 'we shall lose you, and we cannot spare you. It is my duty to order you back to St Augustine.'

'For God's sake, general!' exclaimed Pierce, 'don't say that. This is the last great battle, and I must lead my brigade.'

And he did lead it, through hedges and marshes and standing corn, till he fell, from sheer exhaustion, within full range of the Mexican guns. He was partially revived when some of his soldiers approached to bear him off the field. 'No,' he said, with all the strength he had left, 'don't carry me off; let me lie here!' And there he lay, under the tremendous fire of Churubusco, until the enemy, in total rout, was driven from the field. On Santa Anna's making proposals for peace, our hero was appointed one of the commissioners to arrange the terms. But the truce was of brief duration, and Pierce and his brigade were soon tried again to the uttermost.

During the war, he gained the enthusiastic affection of his men by a hundred instances of tenderness and brotherly sympathy. 'During the passage from America, under the tropics, he would go down into the stifling air of the hold, with a lemon, a cup of tea, and, better and more efficacious than all, a kind word for the sick.' In the hospitals of Mexico, he went among the diseased and wounded soldiers, 'cheering them with his voice and the magic of his kindness, inquiring into their wants, and relieving them to the utmost of his pecuniary means.' He returned home on the conclusion of the war, after nine months of service, crowded full of incident; and as soon as the treaty of peace was signed, he gave up his commission, and resumed his practice at the bar, again proposing to spend the remainder of his days in the bosom of his family. His native state presented him with a splendid sword, the testimonial of approved valour and chivalrous conduct.

The interval between the Mexican war and Franklin Pierce's nomination to the presidency, 'without his

own purpose and against his wish,' was spent in the laborious exercise of the law, with occasional episodes of political activity, particularly on topics connected with the Fugitive Slave Law and religious tests in civil offices. With an acute intellectual perception of the abortive nature of all intolerant measures, the general is distinguished, according to Mr Hawthorne, by a strong and marked endowment of religious feeling: at no period of his life, 'as is well known to his friends, have the sacred relations of the human soul been a matter of indifference to him. . . . Whether in sorrow or success, he has learned, in his own behalf, the great lesson, that religious faith is the most valuable and most sacred of all possessions.'

In January 1852, a New Hampshire demonstration in his favour elicited from him the assertion, that the use of his name, as a candidate for the presidency, before the meeting of the democratic national convention at Baltimore, would be utterly repugnant to his tastes and wishes. In June, that convention met, and after a somewhat protracted process of balloting, nominated him as the candidate of its choice. 'As quickly as the lightning flash could blazon it abroad, his name was on every tongue. Within an hour, he grew to be illustrious.' When he received the news of his nomination, it affected him, we are told, with no thrill of joy, but a sadness, which for many days was perceptible in his deportment. 'It awoke in his heart the sense of religious dependence—a sentiment that has been growing continually stronger through all the trials and experiences of his life.' That his solicitude on this subject was feigned, or partook of the technical *nolo episcopari* affectation, it were gratuitous coarseness to suppose.

The result of the presidential election was yet doubtful, when Mr Hawthorne's book was published; the main object of its publication being, in fact, to influence that result. We have sketched Franklin Pierce's career from Mr Hawthorne's point of view, and often in his own words. The memoir is, like Disraeli's political biography of Lord George Bentinck, rather a pamphlet than a life, and contains little of permanent value. It is, however, smoothly and pleasantly written; and the author of *Mosses from an Old Manse* is not the man to merge integrity in partisanship, or to exalt his hero at the expense of self-respect and of reverence for truth. How far his hero will justify his *éloge* remains to be seen.

MORE FRENCH POLITENESS.

OUR author—with whose code of modern French politeness* we must now come to a close—is one who thinks no part of his subject unworthy of the most careful attention. He enumerates as reprehensible a number of trivial acts, as, crossing the legs; staring or looking at any one fixedly during conversation or at other times; balancing one's self on one's seat; bending forward with the arms on the lap; clasping the hands upon one knee; putting the feet on the fender; looking at one's self with satisfaction in a mirror, and arranging the hair or dress; taking off your gloves; folding your shawl, 'instead of throwing it off with graceful negligence on a chair'; laughing loud, long, or often; opening the mouth wide; taking one's companion by the collar, sleeve, button; and so forth. The most minute movements are mentioned, and I have no doubt young people are made to commit the list to memory, though they may not always recollect to avoid the habits they are cautioned against. Rolling the eyes is denounced, although almost all Frenchwomen practise it, also the

* See No. 402.

lifting them up affectedly; sighing; shivering; playing with one's fan, bracelets, or trinkets; jingling one's watch-chain; beating time with the hands or feet; rubbing one's hands; caressing one's chin; twirling the mustaches; shrugging the shoulders; winking the eyes; shaking a neighbour's chair; pirouetting one's own; wetting the lips with the tongue; &c. Notice is taken of a rudeness seldom if ever practised in France, but 'frequent amongst ill brought up young people in England.' Alas! I fear we must add, not very uncommon amongst others who pique themselves upon possessing good manners—namely, 'looking impudently at strangers; talking of them in their presence; answering them negligently or stiffly; neglecting to converse with them; elbowing them, as it were, aside, if not known to fame or fashion, and perhaps doubling the insult by chatting all the time familiarly to more favoured acquaintance.' Young *débütantes* are cautioned against indulging in too much timidity, which does away with all grace, makes them appear less sensible, amiable, and clever than they really are by nature, and perhaps giving rise to a suspicion that they are either proud or disdainful. How often have we seen girls answer in an embarrassed manner, avoid acknowledging an acquaintance, neglect expressing the kind and amiable things they feel, from nothing but pure shyness! But even this is better than forwardness and affectation, and not nearly so ridiculous and displeasing as a look of cold, prudish propriety, and awkward stiffness, as though one found fault in one's own mind with whatever was said or done by the company.

The walk of a lady should be neither too fast nor too slow; she should equally avoid rapidity of speed and too much vivacity of motion; her movements should be easy and natural; her look gentle, modest, and intelligent; she should speak without accent or favourite expressions, simply and clearly. She should sit down quietly; avoid facing the light; and without appearing to touch or think about it, let her dress fall amply round, looking interested in all that is going forward, and cheerful. If people are unhappy, and have the mind preoccupied, they should not go into society: for when there, they ought to play their part; contribute their small quota to the general entertainment; appear interested in all that interests others; applaud the attempts of those who, with more good-nature than talent, strive to help on the amusements of the company—for you can always find something kind or courteous to say, even to a young lady who has been excoriating your ears by singing out of tune—'What a sweet air!'—'What appropriate words!'—'How well you accompany yourself!'—and so forth; but if the air is frightful, the words silly, the accompaniment quite incorrect, you can yet appear to listen attentively, and say at the conclusion: 'Thank you very much for obliging us.' 'Dance when others dance, talk when others talk, listen when others play or sing, ye stiff *Insulaires!* and don't fancy yourselves superior because you are stupid and ill-bred, ill-natured, or vain; don't be coming Milord Byron over us, and proclaim yourselves uninterested in any thing or person, *blasé*, bored, and broken-hearted! When you have shewn the world you possess your countryman's genius, we may perhaps pardon your eccentricities; but to be fastidious, or at least to make it apparent that you are so, is bad taste and bad breeding, if it is not quite what it very generally is—bad feeling.' Looking down on your associates is not the way to induce them to look up to you; and as so many of you evince a preference for France over England by residing in the former country, pray prefer our manners also: try, Monsieur Jon Boule, to answer with politeness when spoken to; to be civil to all women, whether old or young, plain or pretty, fashionable or

the reverse, clever or commonplace: you will gain something, and lose nothing, believe me.'

Those who desire to please in society, are further requested not to lip, nor expectorate, nor stutter, nor indulge in any peculiarity of language, look, or manner. Bad teeth may possibly be pardoned—dirty teeth, never; the first is a misfortune, but the last is a most disagreeable fault—it is almost a certain mark of ignoble birth and low habits. But as every person, in the present state of society, can provide himself with false masticators—which it is indeed a social duty in every one who requires them to do—no one must expect to be forgiven whose mouth is unpleasant to look at. The mouth, moreover, is neither to be opened wide nor primly pinched up—you must keep it reasonably still, not give your lips a trembling, convulsive movement when relating anything sombre or terrible, or laugh much when telling a ludicrous anecdote; whistling, blowing, grinning, grimacing, exclaiming, declaiming, gesticulating, are all pronounced vulgar or inelegant—as are the habits some have of seizing the arm of their chair, twirling their hats, shaking or patting with their feet, putting their hands in their pockets, standing before the fire, and, unrequested and undesired, enacting the part of a screen. Extravagant action ought to be guarded against. You may move the right hand in discourse, in accordance with the subject upon which you are conversing—as to sit or stand immovable, looks almost as bad as too vehement gestures; but the countenance in a lady, at least, is much more gracefully brought into play than the hands and arms.

The art of listening is highly commended as a study worth acquiring, although allowed to be a science of no easy acquisition. You must look, but not too fully, in the face of the person speaking. If he hesitates, take no notice, or gently furnish him with the word he wants. If anything interrupts him, do not wait until he takes up his narrative, but observe: 'You were saying so and so, pray continue.' If two people, in the heat of discussion, begin to speak at the same time, both must stop and request his adversary to lead the way. If any one is relating a tiresome story, which appears to the relater very amusing, be sure to smile; look, on the contrary, sad, if it is one you are supposed or expected to be grieved about. If the person is old, it is brutality to do otherwise; but if your equal in years, or your intimate acquaintance, you may without rudeness say to him, in order to induce him to go on and finish the sooner: 'Well, and so!' Never interrupt a story-teller to ask explanations, or to have names repeated, &c., unless you fear, from not understanding, that your reply may be irrelevant; and then say something in this form: 'I ask many pardons, but fearing to lose the thread of your interesting conversation, &c., will you kindly repeat,' &c. If any one is so ill-advised as to tell stories you are positive cannot be true, you may say: 'If I did not know your veracity—or—Had any one but yourself told me that, I should have had great difficulty in giving credit to it;' but never coarsely express your disbelief: the fault of another affords no excuse for yours; even the Apostle Peter, who never dreamed of inculcating hollow politeness, says, *Be courteous*. Indeed, good-manners may be learned from the study of the New Testament and Proverbs, without going to any other source: an *uncourteous Christian* is an anomaly. It is also a sign of the worst breeding, if, when a stupid story-teller is maiming an anecdote, one more clever than himself takes it out of his mouth. However better he may tell the tale, no one ought to listen to it with attention, from pity for the original narrator, to whom of right it belongs, and whose intentions were to entertain, if he had not the talent to succeed particularly well.

Inferiors are reminded, that it is not etiquette to inquire after the health of persons occupying a much more exalted position than themselves, although they

may, after first ascertaining from a domestic or mutual friend, how these matters stand, begin by expressing themselves: 'Charmed to hear that monsieur is in the enjoyment of perfect health;' or 'grieved, *désolé*' to learn the reverse, should it happen to be so. Ladies are told that they should never inquire after gentlemen, unless they are very old or very ill; and various other little hints are given so exclusively relative to foreign manners, that it is unnecessary to particularise them; but the following are surely applicable to everybody: 'When you relate some adventure in which you were engaged along with another person, and where the circumstances were more particularly honourable for yourself, be silent upon your own part in the transaction, and mention only theirs.'

When any one advances what you know to be false, or, at anyrate, do not believe, you must still keep politeness in view—therefore never commit the rudeness of saying: 'If what you say is true'—If madame is positive as to the truth of what she has just now reported—but, 'I may be mistaken, although,' &c.—'Excuse my error, but it appears to me that,' &c.—'A thousand pardons, but I was under the impression,' &c.; and so on. We should never pass before any one, or present anything, like a servant handing coffee, straight in face, but go behind, and coming round gently sideways, present it if we can do so easily, and without incommoding others; but if not, beg many pardons.

If any person, more particularly the old or ailing, relates as new an anecdote that you were acquainted with before, never appear to have done so, but listen attentively as though you heard it for the first time, even should it happen to be one of your own especial stories that he is recounting. If memory, however, returns, and the aged person begs your pardon for his forgetfulness, beg him to continue, as 'you tell the story so well, you quite throw a new light upon it.' Should he hesitate, stop, and only appear uncertain, assure him the facts are unknown to you, rather than pain a poor invalid by reminding him of his infirmities. One sometimes meets with those who are so wanting in good manners and good sense, as to place their friends in the position supposed of disgraceful or ridiculous people—'Now if you had done such a mean thing'—Suppose any one was turning you into ridicule—'Imagine yourself doing such a shameful action;' or, 'This wretch had a nose exactly like yours'—'The poor creature was not unlike your father in feature'—'The lady-thief had a figure very like your sister's'—'I could not help observing a resemblance between the unfortunate being and yourself'—apparently quite unconscious that they are guilty of the slightest breach of politeness. Others are so careless of the feelings of their associates, or so thoughtless, as to observe in the presence of lawyers, doctors, or old ladies: 'Oh, he is as fond of talking as a lawyer'—'As fond of quacking as an old woman'—or, 'Medicine is all humbug.' Abusing any style of looks, language, or manner, before those who possess any of the attributes alluded to, is such brutal rudeness, that one need scarcely glance at such a thing, and insanity alone can excuse it: but I once heard a thoughtless young man, speaking of some one else, say before a pretty little lady, whose hair was unfortunately nearly red: 'Oh, an ugly little dump, with red hair.' The little lady, who was not so amiable as she was pretty, contrived to do the gentleman so much injury in the opinion of a relation of hers, that an employment (place) which he had all but promised to the careless talker, was given away to another, and he was ignorant, till four years later, to what he owed his disappointment. There is a certain set of people who are fortunately rarely met with in good society, but who, when encountered, should be coughed down—people witty, clever, and malignant, who think they may insult with impunity, because, not only do their manners shew a varnish of politeness which takes in mere superficial observers, but their

talents enable them to wound in such a manner, that their victim can take no notice without giving an advantage to their mean-spirited and cowardly adversary. Such people never attack with their railleury those who can or will retort; and if by chance they make a mistake, and find the tables turned, none are so easily cowed, none find so few to pity, or so many to rejoice in their discomfiture; and it is very right it should be so, for what can shew a worse disposition than to try to wound the feelings of our unoffending neighbours, merely to shew our own smartness in safety? It is needless to remark how odious all personalities are, for in the present day, only very low-bred persons indeed indulge in such gross ill-manners. Very exaggerated compliments are also *mauvais ton*. We must treat the first that is aimed at us, should it ever be our lot to be attacked, with a look of silent surprise; and the second smilingly, and with perfect good-humour, but coldly, answering: 'If I did not know you to be a very kind-hearted and polite person, I should be apt to suspect you were laughing at me;' or, 'Your indulgence blinds you;' for the defective breeding of others is no excuse for ours; and, indeed, unless anything is advanced which wounds delicacy, it is the part of high-bred persons to take all in good part.

Beware of conversing in a light, gay manner with those whose minds appear preoccupied or unhappy; and try, on the contrary, to enter into the spirit of conversation with the young and happy, not to throw a shade on their mirth. Never dilate upon the advantages of riches before those who are poor, or praise youth and beauty to those who have lost or never possessed those charms; do not exalt the blessings of health and strength in the hearing of a valetudinarian, or talk with contempt of people of no family before those who are of humble origin—and so on; we need not lengthen out a subject which, to a kind heart, is so self-evident. Those who aim at supporting a reputation for politeness should endeavour to appear obliging. If a favour is asked, how easy it is to accord it, as if doing so were a real gratification to one's self, or to decline with a seeming sorrow, which takes out the sting of the refusal. A cold heart, an unamiable temper, must learn rules of civility, and practise them, acting a part, as it were; but to a right-minded person the task is very easy, for kindness, forbearance, gentleness, and delicacy, are the foundations upon which it is built. Should one lady borrow from another a shawl, ornament, or piece of dress, the lender should never mention it; and even abstain herself from wearing the things lent for some time after they are returned, lest they should be recognised. If a present is offered, however shabby, or even ridiculous it may be, we ought to receive it as if highly flattered and pleased, and say something of how useful or pretty we think it. In giving advice, much delicacy is required, even should the advice be solicited. Never say: 'In your place I would do so and so'—'You should say such and such a thing,' which is an impertinent, self-sufficient mode of speaking—but rather something in this form: 'I may be mistaken, but I think'—'I am sure I am myself incapable of acting as I venture to advise you; nevertheless it seems to me that'—Never say: 'You don't understand me,' but, 'I fear I have not explained myself clearly.' Should you see two persons conversing earnestly together, no matter where, withdraw to some distance. If you find a friend occupied, do not disturb him by mixing unasked in whatever he may be about—retire to a window, look at a picture, or some such object, but don't wander about the room, touching things which lie about, reading addresses of letters, names on visiting-cards, &c.; and should the person open closets or drawers, sedulously keep at a distance.

When a gentleman walks with two ladies, he offers his arm to the eldest, or most distinguished, *never to both*: nothing looks so ill; you will be called by the

passengers in the street, 'the pannier with two handles;' and by the *gamins*, 'the ass with two panniers.' Never walk arm-in-arm in a church, or salute an acquaintance there: these improprieties are rarely if ever practised by Catholics, or really well-bred Protestants; but vulgar persons of the latter persuasion frequently offend without the most distant idea of shewing disrespect, merely from not knowing how wrong both are considered, especially the first named. In public promenades or gardens, neither laugh nor talk loud; nor make remarks, nor look fixedly at the passers-by; nor suffer even children, unless very young, to leap about and make a noise, nor permit them, under any pretence, to eat out of doors: remember, too, that when three persons walk together, the middle is the place of honour; after it, the right hand. When you enter a drawing-room, make a general bow to the company, then to the lady of the house, turning to converse a few minutes with her husband. A lady goes straight up to the hostess; those who are seated answer the gentlemen's salutation with a slight bow, but rise to their own sex. It is considered very rude to speak across any one whom you do not include in your conversation—or to converse about what is interesting only to one of the party—or use a foreign language to any one but a foreigner who expresses himself with difficulty in your own, when it is imperative to do so if you can; never smile, or indeed appear to perceive the most ludicrous mistake he may make, but, on the contrary, encourage him by praising the success of his endeavours, helping him on as unostentatiously as possible. Even a stranger in your county or circle should have attentions paid by all those more at home in it; but this is scarcely necessary to press upon the attention of us French, for our reputation for urbanity to foreigners is universally acknowledged all over Europe, even by those who do not pay us in kind when we visit their shores.* We English must also all feel how true this is, for even well-educated persons sometimes have to struggle with the mirth an error in their language invariably gives rise to when perpetrated by a foreigner. Ladies should never, they are told, touch a newspaper in a restaurant or café, even should it be lying unoccupied on the table next to them; they must ask the waiter to hand it to them; and they are reminded how perfectly *mauvais ton* it is considered to visit theatres unattended by a gentleman. In all public places, we are advised that it is proper to speak low, make no audible remarks upon people; to avoid pushing, or, if unavoidable, always move forward with an apology.

Be very particular in your behaviour to those whose circumstances are reduced. Never refuse their little presents; pay them much attention before company; never seem to be aware of their situation, or allude to it in the most remote way; but if they speak of it themselves, receive their confidence with an air of pitying interest, and, at least in appearance, give them confidence for confidence. At balls, when it is the gentleman who pays for the refreshments, no lady should accept anything but from some one known very intimately both to herself and her family. Smile gently in giving the hand in the *chaine des dames*, with an almost imperceptible bow. No lady can pass from one room to another alone, and none but young women should carry bouquets; it gives an old or middle-aged lady a ridiculous look. No girl should boast of being engaged so many deep to a companion sitting neglected; or ask if 'papa should find a partner for her?' ask papa secretly to do so, if you please. Kindness is the parent of politeness, and a peasant may be as kind as a peer; the manner only differs, and no good-hearted person will find much difficulty in complying with the rules of civility; but the cold-hearted, proud, ill-tempered man must study them with attention, if he wishes to be liked in society. It is a varnish that gives currency to base coin; but when there is pure gold beneath, there is nothing so sure not

only to catch the affections, but retain them; for real politeness is never relaxed with one's most intimate friend or poorest dependent.

A VISIT TO BANWELL CAVERNS.

BANWELL HILL, which contains two caverns, known as the Bone and Stalactite, is situated at the western extremity of the Mendip range, where it gradually slopes to the valley. Its summit commands a magnificent prospect, extending over the vast sweep of the Severn, and the Bristol Channel to its junction with the Atlantic. A variety of tastes may be gratified by a visit to this spot; for when the eye has looked long enough on neighbouring hills and valleys, on the Channel with its sister isles, and the mountains far away, it will be pleasant to wander along the hill-side, and inspect the ancient camp with its fortifications and outworks; and lower down, the site of the monastery overthrown by the Danes; not forgetting the remains of the abbey, which Alfred gave as a Christmas present to his favourite Asser; nor the village church, founded in the fifteenth century, and still remaining one of the most perfect ecclesiastical edifices of the county. Very great is the change, when, leaving behind him the light of day and the transient works of man, the visitor goes down into the caverns of the hill, and views the handiwork of nature in her secret subterranean abodes.

The mountain limestone, of which the hill is composed, is in many parts intersected by fissures, expanding occasionally into caverns. These form a series of vaulted chambers, having their roof and sides—through which the water continually percolates—lined with stalactites of various forms and hues. But it is not the structure and natural adornments of these caves—of which there are many in the Mendip range—which constitute their chief source of interest; they occasionally contain remains of animals no longer found in these latitudes, some of them, indeed, belonging to species long since extinct. These remains are found on the floors and in the recesses and fissures of the caves, imbedded in a mass of sand, clay, and stones, and exhibiting traces of having been subjected to the action of water-ages ago. When it is considered that such deposits of bones have been discovered in remote countries, and associated with similar phenomena, the interest is much augmented.

Many parts of the Mendip range abound with minerals, chiefly lead, calamine, and ochre; and it was owing to the mining operations formerly carried on at Banwell that the caverns were discovered. A tradition, it appears, existed among the miners, towards the end of last century, that, about thirty years before, a large cavern had been discovered at the north-western extremity of the hill, but that the difficulty of obtaining access to it had prevented investigation at the time of discovery. This rumour of a cavern reached the ears of a boy living in the neighbourhood, who, when he grew to man's estate, determined to search for himself after the hidden treasure.* Having, with the aid of

* William Beard, well known to visitors of the caves as 'Professor' Beard, a title bestowed by the late bishop of Bath and Wells, on account of his zeal and enthusiasm in the matter of bones. Advancing years have led the professor to delegate his office of guide to the caves to other hands, but he still, with much pleasure and courtesy, exhibits his own museum—containing, perhaps, one of the finest private collections of animal remains of this description in the kingdom. Bone Cottage—the appropriately named residence of the *genius loci*—is situated at the foot of the hill.

two miners, ascertained the supposed entrance, he sank a shaft to the depth of about 100 feet, and thus arrived at the first landing-place of the cavern, where were found two pieces of candle, coated over with carbonate of lime. From this landing-place, the fissure rapidly expanded into the cavern—the Stalactite Cavern. In order to improve the access to it, a horizontal opening was made lower down the hill, advantage being taken of a lateral aperture observed in the rock. After working this aperture for the distance of twenty feet, a small chamber was reached, not that which they were endeavouring to approach, but one proving ultimately of far greater interest. This is the Bone Cavern, containing numerous osseous remains of various land-animals.

The Bone Cavern, when originally opened, was filled to the depth of several feet with a confused mass of stones, stiff loam or mud, and gravel, with which the animal remains were intermingled. It has three main branches or fissures—one directly in front of the entrance, another inclining to the right, and the third on the left. The two first branches are on the same level as the floor of the cave, but the third branch or fissure declines steeply for about forty feet. During the descent, which is effected by means of a flight of rough stone steps, we observe on our right hand a bank of stones, mud, and sand, interspersed with small bones, some of them appearing as if bleached or whitened. The two horizontal branches or chambers were, like the principal cave, partially filled with stones, sand, and clay, the bones being intermixed with the rubble. The greater part of them, amounting to several wagon-loads, are now separated, and arranged in various forms round the sides of the cavern and its chambers. The flickering lights carried by the guide, glancing on pillars and pyramids of bones, give the whole the appearance of an irregular and dismal charnel-house.

The principal cave is about thirty feet in length, and the eastern branch or chamber extends about the same distance beyond it. Appearances indicate that it had originally three natural entrances—one in the roof, the present entrance through the lateral fissure, and one leading from the south-western branch. The roof, presenting the usual characteristics of calcareous formations, is uneven and full of deep, basin-like cavities, with sharp-pointed edges.

In giving a general view of the bones, which are but little decomposed in respect to their animal nature, we may divide them into those of carnivorous, and those of herbivorous animals. Among the carnivora, we have remains of the bear, wolf, and fox. The bones of the bear are worthy of particular attention: a large proportion of them belong to an extinct species, supposed to have been one-fourth larger than the present race of bears, and more exclusively carnivorous, inasmuch as the teeth are less worn, and the enamel is more perfect. Bones of the leg are numerous; one specimen of the large bone of the fore-leg (*humerus*) is of immense size, being greater than the corresponding one in any existing species of the ox. There are specimens of the two bones below the humerus (*ulna* and *radius*) on an equally large scale. A fine claw of the bear remains almost entire, the metacarpal bones being in excellent preservation; also portions of the head, which, in one instance, is nearly perfect—the maxillæ with the four tusks still remaining, with the palate and cheek bones. Bones of the wolf are numerous, especially those of the fore and hind legs. There are several jaw-bones of this tribe, with well-worn teeth, which had evidently been of great service to their owners. The remains of the fox are more scanty—

they consist chiefly of skulls, bones of the leg, and teeth.

Among the herbivorous tribes, we have remains of the ox or buffalo, which are very noticeable and abundant. We may refer, as objects of special interest, to a number of the vertebrae of this tribe, bones of the fore-leg—the humerus, ulna, and radius, of immense size—many of the molars, and a jaw with almost perfect teeth. There are many antlers of the deer or stag; in particular, three very noteworthy specimens, each apparently belonging to a different species.

But having ascertained the tribes and species of animals whose bones so long strewed the floors and fissures of the cave, we are still only on the threshold of the difficulty; for to what epoch is the existence of the living animal to be referred? How did so large and heterogeneous a collection of bones accumulate in so comparatively small a spot?—for appearances are utterly against the supposition of their having been drifted there from other regions, if this were allowed to be possible. Again, how is it that they are found detached, dispersed, often broken, and, for the most part, firmly imbedded in a confused mass of earth? Situated as the cave is within an elevated hill, so high above the level of the sea, how are we to account for the traces which it presents of having been subjected to the powerful action of water? These are inquiries which naturally recur to the mind whilst viewing the phenomena of the cavern, and which continue to press for solution when we have exchanged its moist atmosphere and earthy smell for the pure and pleasant air of the upper regions.

That Banwell Cave was formerly a den of wild animals, is a very natural and probable supposition. It was apparently occupied by bears, wolves, and foxes in succession. The bones of the herbivorous animals, so plentiful at Banwell, would thus have been introduced by these beasts of prey, who, in obedience to their natural instincts, would resort to their den to die, and this would account for their bones being intermingled with those of their victims. That the greater number of the animals met an accidental death in the cavern—having been entrapped by vertical fissures—has been conjectured, but with far less probability, as it supposes a degree of inadvertency contrary to their known instincts and habits, and as there are no traces of a fissure sufficiently large. There are caverns in the neighbouring hills of Hutton and Uphill, which appear, like this of Banwell, to have been tenanted successively by different tribes of wild beasts. Bones of two extinct species of hyænas were found at Hutton; also the principal remains of the elephant and horse. That the Uphill Cave, or rather the upper fissure leading to it, was a hyæna's den, may be inferred from the number of the remains of the animal which were found there; many a gnawed and splintered bone, too, remains to testify of hostile teeth and tusks. The teeth found were many of them in a much worn and used condition.

We are thus carried back to a period when the Mendip Hills were inhabited by animals no longer found in England; some of them, indeed, nature has altogether ceased to produce, having in her progress awarded death to the species as well as the individual. We have to imagine a long succession of ages, during which the rhinoceros and elephant, the tiger, hyæna, bear, and wolf, roamed over these peaceful and quiet districts; when fierce, gigantic beasts of prey issued from their solitary dens, and prowled through the forests that once covered these hills, lying in wait for their victims, or pursuing and slaughtering them under the impulse of hunger. It is manifest that when England was inhabited by these animals—when they grew and multiplied upon it as in their native clime—a far higher temperature must have prevailed; some of the species would have

been incapable of enduring the present climate, with its coldness and frequent vicissitudes. Such a change in the permanent qualities of the temperature of a country must have been the work of ages; we have therefore to travel back to a distant epoch in our inquiries after the period of the living animals whose remains are found entombed in the caves and hollows of the Mendips. Some of the species exhibit a tropical character; and there is no evidence that a climate in any sufficient degree tropical, prevailed in these latitudes subsequent to the introduction of man.

Reference has already been made to the condition in which the bones were found at Banwell. In the high fissure of the Uphill Cave, about eighty feet above the level of the sea, they were firmly imbedded in a stiff calcareous loam; mud and sand formed the base of the floor. The cavern at Hutton—a hill in the Mendip range, about 300 feet above the level of the sea—contained ochreous rubble, with which the animal remains were interspersed. The part of the hill in which it is situated had evidently been a scene of great disturbance; different series of strata having been displaced, creating fissures and chasms through the whole.

In identifying the osseous remains of Banwell as those of certain formidable land-animals; in affirming that these animals were native to the country, and, in particular, that they ranged the Mendip Hills, and tenanted their caves; and also in referring the existence of some of the species to a period in the natural history of the country, when a far higher temperature than the present prevailed—we have been more or less guided by facts and actual phenomena. But if we proceed further, and attempt to ascertain the immediate causes and attendant circumstances of the deposit of the remains, we are left to conjecture and speculation. In vain do we attempt to apprehend the ancient drama once enacted in these hills, though obvious traces still remain in broken and disjointed bones, and their abrupt and strange burial in mud, sand, and earth. Many persons—seeing herein indications of the powerful action of water—have been reminded of the Deluge recorded by Moses; and have, indeed, imagined themselves, in this dim and solitary spot, standing amid the visible debris of the general ruin. An animated picture of the supposed scene is given in Mr W. L. Bowles's poem on *Banwell Hill, or Days Departed* :—

The surge came, and the surge went back, and there—
There—when the black abyss had ceased to roar,
And waters, shrinking from the rocks and hills,
Slept in the solitary sunshine—There
The bones that strew the inmost cavern lay;
And when forgotten centuries had passed,
And the gray smoke went up from villages,
And cities with their towers and temples shone,
And kingdoms rose and perished—there they lay!

But Geology has hardened her heart against Poetry, and preserves silence now when appealed to for traces of the wonders and terrors of a universal deluge. 'Among well-informed geologists, the opinion is almost universal, that there are no facts in their science which can be clearly referred to the Noachian deluge; that is, no traces in nature of that event.*

'Banwell' is supposed by some to be compounded of *Baan*, deep, and *Welgi*, sea, though the village is now about five miles from the coast. Other local names, and various vestiges—as marine plants and shells—apparently indicate that the waters of the Bristol Channel formerly extended over a part of the adjacent valleys of the Mendips. From natural causes, the sea gradually retired, though we find, so recently as the thirteenth century, that sea walls and dikes were erected for the better security of the district. We do not refer to this

probable variation of sea-level as explaining the phenomena of the caves; in so far as the manner and circumstances of the deposit of the bones are concerned, we know of no theory perfectly satisfactory. We conclude, that it is better to suspend the judgment, and wait in patience for further knowledge; and is not this the ultimate issue of many an earnest inquiry and sincere questioning of nature? We have to retire humbled and abashed, conscious of inability to penetrate the mysteries that surround us on all hands, ever thickening on our path as we proceed. 'The more a man enlarges his circle of light, he sees but the more of the darkness that lies all around; the wider the diameter of light, the larger the circumference of darkness.' Thus whilst the events of life teach patience and humility to the heart, the facts of nature and science are enforcing the same lessons upon the intellect.

The Stalactite Cavern, at which we must glance before leaving the hill, is situated at a greater depth than the Bone Cavern, and the descent is more steep and difficult. Going down about forty feet by means of ladders, we reach a landing-place, where the fissure becomes more roomy; and having descended thence 100 feet by means of a flight of rough and rocky steps, we reach the entrance to the cave. The floor is strewn with huge fragments of rock, covered by stalagmite incrustations—the water having deposited upon them that portion of its carbonate of lime not separated during the formation of the overhanging stalactites. The roof is uneven and rugged, and is full of circular cavities or hollows. The stalactites depending from it are semi-transparent, and when struck, issue clear musical tones. At the extreme end of the cavern, which is about 150 feet in length, is a rough seat formed by a large mass of stalagmite. The spectacle from this point has charms for every eye. The lofty arched roof overhead, with its stalactite adornments; the dense masses of rock, and startling projections thrown into deep relief by the lights; the various forms of the objects, some standing boldly out, others looking dim and unreal in the distance—combine to create a scene of wild grandeur and magnificence. As a final word about these subterranean scenes, we may be allowed to say, that it will be scarcely possible for a reflecting observer to leave them without a heightened sense of mystery and awe, mingled with deep humility, as though the mind had come into the immediate presence of nature, looking upon her lineaments face to face, and gazing on the wonderful works which she carries on, silently and for ever, in her most secret places.

[Caves resembling that described by our correspondent abound in the thick deposits of limestone all over Europe, and are generally believed to have been formed by subterranean runnels of water. There being much obscurity about the whole period of the Superficial Deposits, it is not easy to give a correct geological description of the era to which the occupation of the caves by wild animals is to be referred; but it appears to have been immediately prior to that of the Northern Drift of England and Till of Scotland, but subsequent to the deposition of the Boulder Clay of the latter country, for these are in reality two formations, though the fact is not yet generally known or admitted. The intermediate space is represented by the deposit of the brick clay and associated sands, and this was the time of the cave-inhabiting mammalia. The succeeding time of the Northern Drift and Till—if we are right in putting these into correlation—is one of violent marine action, with which ice was almost certainly connected. This, again, was followed by another tranquil period of sands and clays; after which came another glacial time—that of the erratics. Thus we are tolerably certain, that large portions of the land have been dipped and raised up again, have been under

* Professor Hitchcock's *Religion of Geology*, chap. iv.

ordinary and under glacial seas, since these caves gave shelter to the progenitors of our present carnivora and ruminants.—Ed.]

THE RIGHT KIND OF EMIGRANTS.

Is Mr Sidney's work on Australia*—the best of its kind we have yet seen—there occur some sensible advices and hints respecting the classes of persons whose position and habits adapt them for the rough life of emigrants. At present, large numbers are rushing away to the Australian colonies, without, perhaps, duly considering whether they are prepared to toil with their hands, live on plain fare, dress in coarse apparel, forego many home comforts, and encounter cheerfully various kinds of disagreeables.

'Colonisation in the present day,' observes this shrewd writer, 'is as heroic in its immediate results as cultivating a farm or curing a fever; and that is saying enough. When a man becomes a colonist, he should look on the undertaking in the same calm, business-like style as if he were taking a lease of 500 acres in the Lothians or Lincolnshire, or purchasing a surgeon's practice. There are great things to be done in a colony by force of energetic example; but the practical part comes first; the poetry follows, or ought to follow, with a long interval.' Hard work, economy, sobriety, and self-dependence, are indispensable to success. 'Dreamers of dreams, inventors of ingenious schemes, requiring for their success the labour and the money of other people, had better stay at home.' Whether persons who have been accustomed to a genteel way of living should hazard the step of emigration, is a question of extreme difficulty; for the best bred men and women are, in many instances, more ready to endure privations, than people of less cultivated minds. Mr Sidney remarks, that gentlefolks 'with little money and much pride, are the least likely to succeed as emigrants;' but to this assertion we respectfully demur. Pride of a proper kind is a most valuable sentiment, and is, in point of fact, that which impels to emigration, as a means of bettering the circumstances. And that such is really the case, Mr Sidney himself shews by the following instance of successful emigration in a poor and proud Highland family:—

'A Scotch gentleman, of ancient lineage and no fortune, afforded a striking instance of what may be done in a colony by industrious hard work, with the help of a large family, without that capital which, according to theorists, it is indispensable that a landowner should possess. He arrived in the colony very early, the owner of a single eighty-acre section, with twelve children, one-half of whom were stout, well-grown lads and lasses: his whole property consisted of a little furniture, a few Highland implements, a gun or two, a very little ready-money, and several barrels of oatmeal and biscuit. His section had been selected for him previous to his arrival. It lay on the other side of a steep range of hills, over which no road had then been made, ten miles from the town. He lost no time and spent no money in refreshing or relaxing in Adelaide; he found out a fellow-countryman who lent him a team of oxen, dragged his goods over the hills to his land, and encamped the first night on the ground, under a few blankets and canvas spread on the brush. The next day, and from day to day, the family worked at cutting trees; there was timber plenty for building a house. This house, situated on the slope of a hill, consisted of one long, low wooden room, surrounded by a dry ditch to drain off the rain, and divided into partitions by blankets. The river lay below; gny water needed was fetched in a bucket by one of the young ladies. A garden, in which all manner of vege-

tables, including tobacco, and water-melons, soon grew, was laid almost as soon as the house; an early investment was made in poultry; the poultry required no other food than the grasshoppers and grass-seeds on the waste-land round. Until the poultry gave a crop of eggs and chickens, the guns of the lads supplied plenty of quail, ducks, and parrots. In due time a crop of maize, of wheat, and of oats, was got in. Before the barrels of oatmeal were exhausted, eggs, chickens, potatoes, kale, and maize, afforded ample sustenance, and something to send to market. Labour cost nothing, fuel nothing, rent nothing, keeping up appearances nothing; no one dressed on week-days in broadcloth except the head of the house. First a few goats, and then a cow, eventually a fair herd of stock, were accumulated. Butter and vegetables found their way to Adelaide; and while the kid-glove gentry were ruining themselves, the bare-legged boys of the Highland gentleman were independent, if not rich. The daughters, who were pretty, proud, and useful, have married well. In another generation, families like this will be among the wealthiest in the colony.'

The kind of pride to be deprecated is that mixture of self-conceit, vanity, and fear of losing caste which disposes its unhappy victims rather to commit any meanness—get into debt, beg, borrow, or live on others—than soil their hands with labour. 'Two instances have come within the personal knowledge of the writer, in which families by birth and education, of the higher class, who have been sent out to two colonies by the charitable subscriptions of friends and strangers, have expended the greater part of the charity-moneys in extravagant, unsuitable outfits, have refused to mess and associate with fellow-passengers of unquestionable respectability, and made enemies of colonists who could have rendered them services they soon had reason to ask for most humbly. In too many instances, young ladies, after disdaining honest industry in a colony, have fallen to utter shame!'

Yet, as Mr Sidney continues, 'there is a numerous class of the "white-handed" who would marvellously increase their mental comfort, or at least decrease their mental anxieties, if they could resign themselves to sacrifice the present for the future, and abandon the luxuries of Europe for the rude independence of a life on the borders of the bush.' As, for example, 'the class who now vegetate in the cheap towns of the continent—fathers with limited means and large families; young widows with a string of girls, narrow jointures, and small portions; superannuated sub-officials, whose children absorb their whole pensions in an expensive, useless kind of education. Such people resort to the continent, tempted by economy, cheap accomplishments, and a more genial climate than foggy England: they form small colonies of grumbling Britons in France, Belgium, and Germany, and raise a race of sons and daughters which is neither British nor foreign, but a union of the worst qualities of both—frivolous, pleasure-devoted, sulky, and supercilious.'

'The sons cultivate mustaches, wear odd shooting-jackets, frequent cafés, wait for commissions in the army or navy, or appointments under government, which never come, because the wrong party is always in power; they speak several languages with more or less skill, and are unfit, by habits, feelings, and acquirements, for the ordinary pursuits of Englishmen of the same means. As for the girls, they are more interesting and more to be pitied, for they cannot enlist for soldiers, or turn cab-drivers or billiard-markers, like their brothers. They learn how to sing, dance divinely; to play on all manner of instruments; to make their own frocks, millinery, and soup maigre; to save sous; to dress dowdily in the morning, and divinely in the evening at balls and concerts; to dream of great matches, know the *Peerage* and the *Almanach de Gotha* by heart; to be discontented with their lot, and unfit

* *The Three Colonies of Australia*. By Samuel Sidney. 1 vol. London: Ingram, Cooke, & Co.

for the wives of poor men, or struggling men, or for any useful employment.

'When such parents return to England, forced by revolutions or family affairs, after an absence of ten or fifteen years, they are often surrounded by a family of handsome boys and girls, so educated that each requires the whole fortune that must eventually be divided into eight or ten portions; they return to find themselves forgotten by every useful friend.

'Now, if the heads of such families had had courage and self-sacrifice enough to emigrate—if they had planted themselves, while their children were yet young and tractable, out of the sight of the prying eyes of colonial gossip-mongers, avoiding speculations for which their previous habits unfitted them—they would have been able to economise by eating, drinking, and dressing as they could afford, instead of in imitation of their neighbours; they would have given their children a colonial education and colonial experience, which would have stood them instead of many hundreds of pounds of fortune. And the girls, if prepared to be useful, need not, as in Europe, pass their lives in hunting for husbands.'

How true is all this! There is perhaps not one of our readers who is unacquainted with families who are leading an idle and useless life—sons waiting on for offices, through some shabby political influence, and daughters making themselves ridiculous by their manoeuvres to get married—yet who, if they only knew it, have a splendid field of usefulness before them in the Australian colonies. 'In a word, to gentlemen with moderate incomes and large families, if they are prudent enough to live within their means, and if their sons and daughters are wise enough or young enough to get their own living, the rural life of Australia affords peace, independence, and prosperity.'

The intelligent writer before us insists strongly on giving a proper education of self-dependence to young men who are sent by parents to shift for themselves in the colonies. 'All the learning, all the accomplishments, all the sciences, from hydrostatics to self-defence, will be of little avail, although coupled with the best letters of introduction, and the most ample capital, if the intended colonist have not a certain independent, self-relying, self-denying tone of mind, which cannot be inculcated too early. Sons of well-educated emigrants arrive in Australia, so nursed, so coddled, that they land men in station, and children in mind, strong in body, but helpless in their many wants. Fathers not unfrequently treat a young man who is about to be left to his own resources with the same misplaced care that they have been exerting all his previous life. They select the district, purchase his outfit, conduct him to the port, place him in the hands of the captain, as if he were a baby, and leave him on board ship, in full confidence that, on landing, some *friend's friend*, to whom he has taken a vague, third-hand letter of introduction, will continue the same care. Probably the young gentleman has never before been trusted with £5 at a time; has been carefully educated at home, or under the care of a clergyman, who "takes a limited number of pupils;" has never been consulted even about a tailor's bill; and has been taught as a duty to rely on any one except himself.'

This coddling system will never do for the colonies. 'When a boy of fifteen can lay out a five-pound note on useful matters to the best advantage, and not feel that the balance burns a hole in his pocket—when he does not fear to travel alone from London to Geneva—when he can cook his own dinner, mend his own trousers, and black his own boots—when he has learned to think and feel that he must depend on himself, and not on accidents of fortune, friends, and fathers for success—he is in a fair way to succeed as a colonist, whether seventeen or seven-and-twenty. Courage, caution, decisive energy, and independence—these are

qualities that, grafted on honourable and virtuous principles, will, with moderate industry and moderate abilities, succeed where brilliant talents, weighed down by timid, indecisive effeminacy, would often fail. But as a calm temperament should be chosen for the Church, a glutton at hard work for the bar, and a keen one for an attorney, so there is a stamp despised, of schoolmasters and professors, and feared by country justices, which makes famous emigrants; for, as they say at Oxford: "Pluck has it!"

It need hardly be added, that we warmly recommend Mr Sidney's work to general perusal.

THINGS TALKED OF IN LONDON.

January 1853.

If the New Year has not brought much that is new, it at least finds us busy in advancing the old, and full of hopes of being able in time to bring everything up to that perfection which shall satisfy all the wants of the age, be they political, moral, or æsthetic. And it will be well for us, amid all our eager endeavours, to remember that what we do should be of the best, seeing that the great pages which Time turns over year by year, are never reopened to give us a chance of amending the record.

Attempts are again being made to use carbonic acid gas as a motive-power; and if successful in keeping that energetic agent under due control, we shall have a means of travel, compared with which steam and caloric engines will be but as coffee-mills. Compressed air, too, has been made to work a locomotive, but as yet without any positive practical results. A hydraulic railway has been talked about—the trains to be driven by the pressure of water in pipes laid under the line, without the aid of a locomotive. On this system it is said the rails might be very light, and consequently cheap, while a profit would be made by supplying water to fields and towns lying on the route. This scheme is probably destined never to advance beyond its prospectus. Then we have another, which materially concerns the inhabitants of this great metropolis, as it promises to afford what has so long been desiderated—a river promenade. It is proposed to build a columnar railway from London Bridge to Westminster Bridge, at such a distance from the shore as will not interfere with the main channel of the Thames, and will yet permit of free access to the numerous wharfs which occupy nearly the whole distance—trains to run twelve times an hour, and the time of transit to be six minutes. Combined with the rails is to be a footway for pedestrians; and of such there are thousands who will wish success to the scheme, were it only for the sake of a view of the river, now so difficult to obtain except from the bridges. And it will doubtless prove a safer investment of capital than some of those Australian projects which have recently deluded weak-minded people, by a great rise in the price of shares, as sudden as unsubstantial.

Dr Bence Jones has brought an important question before the Royal Society—the dissolution of urinary calculi in the living subject by means of voltaic electricity. Experiment has demonstrated the possibility of effecting this object out of the body; and now there only remains to perfect the instrument, and effect the operation in the body. If, as there is abundant reason to believe, it should answer the purpose, what an improvement it will be on the painful process of lithotomy! The Medico-Chirurgical Society, too, have had their attention called to the subject of transfusion of blood—one which made a great noise two hundred years ago, and has at sundry times since then excited much controversy. It is now asserted that, in certain conditions of bodily weakness, transfusion, 'when fairly tested, may prove a remedial agent of greater power and efficacy than any we now possess.' When the

experiments were tried in the seventeenth century, thoughtful people rejoiced that they failed, on the ground that, if they had succeeded, tyrants would have taken care to live for ever. Perhaps thoughtful people in the nineteenth century, though not expecting any such result, will fear that it may give the rich an undue advantage over the poor, merely in point of health.

Photography is making good progress among artists and amateurs, and those who support them, of which satisfactory evidence is given by the large collection of specimens exhibited by the Society of Arts. From this it appears that the best negative pictures hitherto obtained, whether on paper or collodion, have been obtained by English photographers; and every day suggests some further improvement. By exciting and iodising the paper in an exhausted receiver, its quality becomes such as brings out the pictures with extraordinary accuracy and finish. Some landscape views taken at the foot of the Pyrenees, are superior to anything of the kind yet produced by photography, particularly in the aerial perspective. Mr Fox Talbot has published a description of a simple and easily portable 'traveller's camera,' which tourists in search of the picturesque will doubtless avail themselves of. As some of our arctic explorers were provided with photographic apparatus, we shall have an opportunity by and by of seeing what sort of pictures can be produced in the icy latitudes. In Austria, the art is to be applied to a judicial use, for the government have ordered that, in cases of railway collision or casualty, a daguerreotype of the catastrophe shall be taken before any attempt is made to clear the line. What will coroners' juries say to such evidence as this?

The same society has also an exhibition of recent inventions, which shows some of the results of ingenuity for the past year. Among the objects, is a new kind of ventilating bricks for partition-walls; a syphon for dairymen, who, by means of it, will be enabled to draw the milk away from the cream, instead of skimming the cream off the milk; glass for church windows, in which the ribs that divide the panes are also glass, whereby light is not shut out; specimens of leather tanned by a new method, without the use of liquid; besides many other articles more or less useful. Is there no one ingenious enough to devise a means of preventing a great waste that takes place at the copper-works at Swansea? where, as Mr J. Napier says, 'at least 30,000 tons of sulphur, of the value of about £200,000, pass into the atmosphere every year in the compass of a few miles, which somewhat reflects upon our character as practical men, desirous of turning all things to account.' Sanitation, very properly, has not been lost sight of by the inventors, but seems doomed to be a slow subject. London will get up at five o'clock, and turn into the streets without breakfast on a raw November morning, to see a Duke buried; but tell London that its infantile population is decimated for want of fresh air and free drains, and the great city listens with incorrigible apathy. Some people are sanguine enough to believe that the Caxton Free Library, to be established in Westminster as a memorial of our first printer, will beneficially enlighten at least the royal quarter on this important question.

Something is being done in the artificial production of fish, but it remains to be seen whether with as much success as in France. Salmon have been artificially introduced into a tributary of the Swale, one of our Yorkshire rivers. A brood of spawn was taken from the Tees in December 1851, and from observations made in the following March, it appears they were fully hatched. The spawning-bed was made on a bed of gravel in a part of the stream never frozen, and barriers were erected ten yards on each side of the spot, to exclude other fish, and prevent the too early escape of the young fry. Mr Fisher, by whom the experiment was undertaken, says: 'We have proved

the fact, that the Swale may be again stocked with salmon, provided we can make arrangements with the proprietor of a mill-weep, twenty-five miles from this place (Richmond), to let the fish, on coming up from the sea, have "free gap" from time to time.' If the Swale can be restocked, why not other rivers, and with other kinds of fish as well as salmon? and thereby add to our alimentary resources. It is known that, for some years past, attempts have been made to stock the rivers of Van Diemen's Land with salmon from the Scottish streams, but hitherto without success. The discovery that spawn may be transported to long distances without injury, will possibly lead to a renewal of the attempts, especially as steam navigation will now be available.

Apogee of navigation: the Americans are publishing their first Nautical Almanac, and are enlarging their docks and lengthening their piers in the New York river, to accommodate our gigantic ocean steamers. They are going to send Commander Lynch, who explored the Dead Sea, and wrote an interesting book about it a year or two ago, to make a reconnaissance along the coast of Africa, from Cape Palmas to the river Gaboon, and to push into the interior whenever opportunity shall permit, the object being, as may be supposed, to extend trade and colonisation. They are about to despatch another expedition to the arctic regions under Lieutenant Kane, to explore the northern extremity of Greenland in boats and sledges, and to reach the pole if possible. Besides this, one of their government functionaries tells us, in his annual report, that a project has been formed for laying down an under-sea telegraph from England to the States. 'It is proposed,' he says, 'to commence at the most northerly point of Scotland, run thence to the Orkney Islands, and thence by short water-lines to the Shetland and Farøe. From these, a water-line of from 200 to 300 miles would conduct the telegraph to Iceland, and onwards to Kiøge Bay, on the eastern coast of Greenland. It would then cross the latter country and Davis' Strait, to Byron's Bay on the coast of Labrador, where it would meet a line extending to Quebec, and to all parts of the American continent. The entire length would be about 2500 miles, of which three-fifths are water.' Another undertaking of a similar nature, we are informed, is 'actually commenced.' A wire 150 miles long is to be sunk across the Gulf of St Lawrence, from Prince Edward Island to Newfoundland, across which it is to be carried, and terminate at Cape Race—making a total distance from Halifax of about 1500 miles. Then, as Cape Race is not more than five days' voyage from Ireland for a steamer, we shall get news from the other side of the Atlantic before it is a week old; and the governor of Canada need never make mistakes for want of advice from the Colonial Secretary.

Captain Synge, of the Royal Engineers, has brought a proposal before our Geographical Society, 'for a rapid communication with the Pacific and the East, *via* British North America.' This is at first sight rather a startling scheme, but its feasibility has been proved by the fact of a few hardy individuals having traversed the whole distance, tempted by the fame of the Californian gold-diggings. There are already 1500 miles of unobstructed navigation from the mouth of the St Lawrence to the head of Lake Huron, which, ere long, will be extended 400 miles further to the head of Lake Superior, as a canal is about to be made to avoid the obstacle hitherto opposed by the Falls of St Mary. From thence the passage would be by rivers running through a fertile and beautiful region to Rainy Lake, Lake of the Woods, and others, to Lake Winnipeg, from which a water-communication extends to the foot of the Rocky Mountains. Here, the pass is by no means steep or difficult, and the highest dividing ridge is not more than 1458 feet above the sea-level. There are lakes, too, on the table-land of the summit, which would facilitate the

passage to the western slope, and so down to Vancouver's Island, where of course a trading port would have to be established.

Considerable organisation would be required for the successful working of this scheme; railways or common roads would have to be made in different places to connect the rivers, or canals would have to be cut to effect the same purpose, before the transit could be speedy. By carrying a telegraph along the whole route, the 3000 miles of distance which it includes would be annihilated in so far as the flashing of intelligence is concerned. The advantages claimed for it are—that it passes through none but British territory; that it is from 1500 to 3000 miles shorter than the other mail-routes from Southampton to Sydney, by way of the Isthmus or the Cape; and that, instead of from 62 to 80 days, not more than from 44 to 52 would be required to travel it. It will be long before this scheme is realised; meantime, the idea may stand on record as a proof of the speculative spirit of the age.

The means taken to establish a southern whale-fishery have not been so successful as was anticipated. The Auckland Islands are to be given up; Mr Enderby, the governor, is coming home; and the dépôt is to be transferred to Hobart-Town—all of which looks as though the Americans alone can make it worth while to catch whales in the South Pacific; and it is a question, whether it is not cheaper to buy the oil from them than to go so far to collect it? Neither have they been idle in the polar seas, for in 1849-50, 299 of their vessels passed Behring's Strait, employing 8970 seamen, who returned with 17,412,453 dollars' worth of bone and oil. If they attempt the same sea by way of Spitzbergen, their success will probably be greater. While this fact is talked about among speculators, our antiquaries are discussing other facts—namely, Colonel Rawlinson having been compelled to leave Bagdad to recruit his health, has opened mounds at Seleucia, in search of memorials of the past, and is recreating himself, in the intervals of digging, by bringing to light the signification of Babylonish writing. It is said that in running the boundary-line between Turkey and Persia, some heretofore unknown ruins were struck, which answer to the description in the Book of Esther of the ancient palace of Shushan, and in which the remains yet exist of the 'pavement of red, and blue, and white, and black marble.' It is to be hoped that some enterprising archaeologist will go over and verify the rumour.

Struve of Pulkowa, has brought to a close and published a series of exact micrometrical measurements of Saturn and his rings, a work which commends itself to astronomers everywhere, as it gives them trustworthy data by which to detect and compare future changes. With such observations as we have, it is found that the appearances and dimensions of the objects are not the same now as formerly. Mr Babbage suggests, that the rose-coloured prominences seen during a total eclipse of the sun, and so puzzling to astronomers, are nothing more than the smoke of volcanoes floating in the solar atmosphere. An ingenious attempt has been made to see these prominences on ordinary occasions, by getting a reflection of that portion of the sky immediately surrounding the sun's disk, but as yet without success.

FAMILY QUARRELS.

Most of the family quarrels that I have seen in life spring out of jealousy and envy. Jack and Tom, born of the same family and to the same fortune, live very cordially together, not until Jack is ruined, when Tom deserts him, but until Tom makes a sudden rise in prosperity, which Jack can't forgive. Ten times to one, 'tis the unprosperous man that is angry, not the other who is in fault. 'Tis Mrs Jack, who can only afford a chair, that sickens at Mrs Tom's new coach-and-six, cries out against her sister's airs, and sets her husband against his

brother. 'Tis Jack who sees his brother shaking hands with a lord (with whom Jack would like to exchange snuff-boxes himself), that goes home and tells his wife how poor Tom is spoiled, he fears, and no better than a sneak, a parasite, and beggar on horseback. . . . As, according to the famous maxim of M. de Rochefoucault, 'in our friends' misfortunes there's something secretly pleasant to us,' so, on the other hand, their good-fortune is disagreeable. If 'tis hard for a man to bear his own good-luck, 'tis harder still for his friends to bear it for him; and but few of them ordinarily can stand that trial: whereas one of the 'precious uses' of adversity is, that it is a great reconciler; that it brings back averted kindness, disarms animosity, and causes yesterday's enemy to fling his hatred aside, and hold out a hand to the fallen friend of old days. There's pity and love, as well as envy, in the same heart and towards the same person. The rivalry stops when the competitor tumbles; and, as I view it, we should look at these agreeable and disagreeable qualities of our humanity humbly alike. They are consequent and natural, and our kindness and meanness both manly.—*Esmond.*

TOUJOURS LA MÊME.

TOUJOURS LA MÊME was on the seal
When last you wrote—'tis years ago;
Toujours la même was on the seal—
I read it, kissed, and kept it so.

Your letter now is worn and dim,
The seal is perfect and the same;
It burns love-purple with the words,
The changeless words—*Toujours la même.*

But fickle maids will sometimes change,
And lovers fall to calling names;
Not such am I—for all that's past
My heart though wounded never blames.

Yes, doubtless, 'twas a brilliant lure—
I would that I, invisible,
Could see the Eastern state you keep,
It will become your beauty well;

And when the jewelled cincture lights
The brow that one white rose adorned,
Oh, never come remembrance there
Of him whose simple rose was scorned!

Toujours la même was on the seal
When last you wrote me years ago;
'Tis well—I only wish that all
Good-fortune from the falsehood flow.—H. I. H. O.

CONJURING MADE EASY.

The celebrated bottle-feat of pouring a great variety of wines and liquors from a common glass-bottle, is both simple and silly. The common glass-bottle, borrowed from the audience, is of course not the one used on such occasions, but is exchanged for another, made of japanned tin, and furnished internally with receptacles for the different kinds of liquors. Each receptacle has a valve; and these valves may be opened or closed at pleasure, by stops on the outside of the bottle, arranged for the fingers like the keys of a musical instrument. The compartments having no connection with the mouth of the bottle, except by the valves, the bottle may at any time be rinsed with water, and more liquor poured out.—*American paper.*

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